POETRY.

From the Tribune.

THE COUNTRY OF THE FREE.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

My Country! little need hast thou that I
thy praise should sing—
Thy name lies in the Poet's verse and in the
Minstrel's string;
Of mountain gray and valley green, where
hero-deeds were done,
Of regal Western woods and streams, have
stirring tales been spun.
Warriors and Statesmen give the meed of
glory unto thee;
Thy sons are brave, thy daughters fair, oh!
Country of the Free!

Amongst the nations of the earth thou rear'st
a haughty crest;
Thy stately ships at anchor ride on many a
river's breast.
St. George's banner waveth not more loftily
than thine—
Nor the Lily-Flag of sunny France fairer, O
land of mine!
Yea, thou art greatly prosperous, renown'd
o'er earth and sea,
And the choicest gifts of Heaven bless the
Country of the Free.

Yet, O my Country! undenied as all thy
glories stand,
The Seal of Sin is on thee stamp'd with an
enduring brand;
For evil men with sovereign power in thy
high places sit;
Judgment they give and execute the laws as
they see fit.
With scourge, and chain, and gallows-cord,
they cast reproach on thee,
With steel and cord on battle-field—Oh
Country of the Free!

Meanwhile a thousand temples from thy
crowded cities rise—
And in far Western solitudes the spire points
to the skies;
And we from Heaven's ambassadors a weekly
lesson take
To "love all men as brethren" for gentle
Jesus' sake;
To exercise Life's charities—at peace with
all to be—
'Tis thus the Christian creed is taught in
Country of the Free!

We read of children offered up at Moloch's
sacrifice—
Of the Hindoo widow's funeral pyre, and
close our shuddering eyes.
The holy light of Truth hath no'er on Pagan
darkness shone,
And we send the Soldier of the Cross to make
Christ's Gospel known—
And pray that in those godless spheres a faith
like ours may be—
We but *profess* that Faith Divine which mak-
eth all men free.

My Country! mark'st yon swarthy man with
grim and horny hand
Bowed with the burning noon-tide toil, in the
Slave-market stand?
Mark'st thou the lordly master's eye roll
greedy o'er the gold
For which he deals in human flesh, there
daily bought and sold?
Tears do not shame his manhood who seeth
wife and children three,
Each to a separate tyrant bound, O Country
of the Free!

Think'st thou the sun in God's high Heaven
which shines alike for all,
Hath looked upon a scene like this—nor heard
the Avenger's call!
Think'st thou the appealing cry went up to
an unheeding ear?
I tell thee my! our God is just, and will in
Justice hear!
On the Recording Angel's book no darker
doom shall be
Than *theirs* who sell God's image here, in the
Country of the Free!

Oh, rouse thy children! bid them gird Truth's
holy armor on—
And in the might of Heaven-born right, put
all oppression down.
Call the pure spirits of the age to aid with
tongue and pen,
The liberation of those poor, degraded, suffer-
ing men.
Then shall the Stripes and Stars proclaim thy
glorious Liberty,
And then my land be truly called the Coun-
try of the Free!

November 11th, 1846.

The Song of Seventy.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though three score years and ten,
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

I am not old—though friends and foes,
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is
cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of three score miles and ten:

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave and bold,
And my heart can sing as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shriveled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair
As she was on her wedding day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now, as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite;
I can well recollect, I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now I am feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seems to
grow old,
Is the heart forever young.

Forever young—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung:
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

The Music of Heaven.

BY GODWYN BARMBY.

The holy prophets say that Heaven will be
a singing choir;
I reverence the prophets! their tongues are
lit with fire;
And when they say that Heaven will be an
hallelula wide,
I feel a song within my heart, and strike my
lyre with pride;
For oh! I ever pray the prayer, by blessed
Jesus given,
"Thy will be done, our Father, on Earth as
'tis in Heaven."

This Earth will be hosanna; this Earth will
be a psalm,
When all the discords of our hearts are har-
monized in calm;
This Earth will be a concert as of myriad
angel throats,
When Love, the great Musician, plays on
willing human notes;
When Life is Music—then the truth that
prophets forth have given,
Will be; for Earth will then become a har-
mony, a Heaven.

Not that, O Lyre! thy tones can rise no
higher than the Earth,
But that the poet-child must sing first at its
place of birth,
Then travel forth as troubadour, through coun-
tries and through years,
As thou, O Earth! doth mingle with the
music of the spheres;
For they must be prepared below to whom
gold harps are given,
And have deep music in their souls to join
the choir of Heaven.

From the Courier and Pilot.

Thoughts.

'Tis a dreadful night—the storm howls with-
out—
Draw closer round the fire;
And merrily push the wine about,
And let its fumes mount higher.

The table groans beneath its weight—
The feast shall now begin—
Tho' the storm rage fierce without,
All's joy and mirth within.

The wretch may shiver at the gate,
And plead his tale of woe;
Who cares! the wealthy and the great,
Such sufferings never know.

God cares! and thou should'st ope thy door—
Nor doubt thy great reward;
For what thou giveth to the poor,
Thou lendest to the Lord.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Visiter.

AUNT MARY.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

Since sketching character is the mode, I too, take up my pencil—not to make you laugh, though peradventure it may be—to get you to sleep.

I am now a tolerably old gentleman—an old bachelor, moreover—and what is more to the point, an unpretending and sober-minded one. Lest, however, any of the ladies should take exceptions against me in the very outset, I will merely remark, *en passant*, that a man can sometimes become an old bachelor, because he has TOO MUCH *heart* as well as too little.

Years ago—before any of my readers were born—I was a little good-for-naught of a boy, of precisely that unlucky kind who are always in every body's way, and always in mischief. I had, to watch over my uprearing, a father and mother, and a whole army of older brothers and sisters. My relations bore a very great resemblance to other human beings—neither good angels, nor the opposite class; but as mathematicians say, *'in the mean proportion.'*

As I have before insinuated, I was a sort family scape-grace among them—and one on whose head all the domestic trespasses were regularly visited, either by real actual desert, or by imputation.

For this order of things, there was, I confess, a very solid and serious foundation, in the constitution of *my* mind. Whether I was born under some cross-eyed planet, or whether I was fairy-smitten in my cradle, certain it is that I was, from the dawn of my existence, a sort of 'Murad, the Unlucky'—an out-of-time, out-of-place, out-of-form, sort of a boy, with whom nothing prospered.

Who always left open doors in cold weather? It was Henry. Who was sure to upset his coffee at breakfast, or to knock over his tumbler at dinner? or to prostrate saltcellar, pepper-box, and mustard-pot, if he only happened to move his arm? why, Henry. Who was plate-breaker generally for the family? It was Henry. Who tangled mamma's silks and cottons, and tore up the last newspaper for papa, or threw down old Phœbe's clothes-horse with all her clean ironing thereupon? Why Henry!

Now all this was no 'malice prepense' in me—for I solemnly believe that I was the best-natured boy in the world; but something was the matter with the attraction of cohesion, or the attraction of gravitation—with the general dispensation of matter around me, that let me do what I would, things would fall down, and break, or be torn and damaged, if I only came near them; and my unluckiness seemed in exact proportion to my carefulness, in any matter.

If any body in the room with me had the headache, or any manner of nervous irritability, which made it particularly necessary for others to be quiet, and if I was in an especial desire unto the same, I was sure, while stepping around on tiptoe, to fall headlong over a chair—which would give an introductory push to the shovel—which would fall upon the tongs—which would animate the poker—and all together would set in action two or three sticks of wood, and down they would all come with just that hearty, sociable sort 'a racket, which showed that they were disposed to make as much of the opportunity as possible.

In the same manner, everything that came into my hand, or was at all connected with me, was sure to lose by it. If I rejoiced in a clean apron in the morning, I was sure to make a full-length prostration thereupon on my way to school, and come home nothing better, but rather worse. If I was sent on an errand, I was sure either to lose my money in going, or my purchases in returning; and on these occasions my mother would often comfort me with the reflection, that it was well that my ears were fastened to my head, or I should lose them too. Of course, I was a fair mark for the exhortatory powers, not only of my parents, but of all my aunts, uncles, and cousins, to the third and fourth generations, who ceased not to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

All this would have been very well, if nature had not gifted me with a very unnecessary and uncomfortable capacity of *feeling*; which, like a refined ear for music, is undesirable, because in this world, one meets with discord ninety-nine times where he meets with harmony once. Much, therefore, as I furnished occasion to be scolded at, I never became used to scolding, so that I was just as much galled by it the *forty*-first time, as the first. There was no such thing as philosophy in me—I had just that unreasonable heart which is not conformed unto the nature of things; neither indeed can be. I was timid, and shrinking, and proud—I was nothing to any one around me, but an awkward unlucky boy—nothing to my parents, but one of half a dozen children, whose faces were to be washed, and stockings mended, on Saturday afternoon. If I was very sick, I had medicine and the doctor—if I was a little sick, I was exhorted upon patience; and if I was sick at heart, I was left to prescribe for myself.

Now all this was very well—what should a child need but meat and drink and room to play, and a school to teach him reading and writing, and somebody to take care of him when sick?—certainly, nothing.

But the feelings of grown-up children exist in the mind of little ones, oftener than is supposed; and I had even at this early day, the same keen sense of all that touched the heart wrong—the same longing for something which would touch it aright—the same discontent, with latent, *matter-of-course* affection, and the same craving for sympathy, which has been the unprofitable fashion of this world in all ages. And no human being, possessing such constitutionals, has a better chance of being made unhappy by them than the backward, uninteresting wrong-doing child. We can all sympathize, to some extent, with *men* and *women*; but how few can go back to the sympathies of childhood—can understand the desolate insignificance of not being one of *grown-up* people—of being sent to bed, to be *out of the way*, in the evening, and to school, to be out of the way in the morning—of manifold singular grievances and distresses, which the child has no elocution to set forth, and the grown person no imagination to conceive!

When I was seven years old, I was told one morning, with considerable domestic acclamation, that aunt Mary was coming to make us a visit; and so, when the carriage that brought her stopped at our door I pulled off my dirty apron and ran in among the crowd of brothers and sisters, to see what was coming. I shall not describe her first appearance, for as I think of her, I begin to grow somewhat sentimental, in spite of my spectacles, and might perhaps talk a little nonsense.

Perhaps every man, whether married or unmarried, who has lived to the age of fifty, or thereabouts, has seen some woman, who in his mind is *the* woman in distinction from all others. She may not have been a relative; she may not have been a wife, she may simply have shone on him from afar; she may be remembered in the distance of years as a star that is set, as music that is hushed, as beauty and loveliness faded forever; but *remembered* she is with interest, with fervor, with enthusiasm; with *all* that heart can feel, and more than words can tell.

To me there has been but *one* such, and that is she whom I describe. Was she beautiful? you ask. 'I also will ask you one question:' If an angel from heaven should dwell in human form and animate any human face, would not that face be *lovely*? It might not be *beautiful*, but would it not be lovely? She was not beautiful, except after this fashion.

How well I remember her, as she used sometimes to sit thinking, with her head resting on her hand—her face mild and placid, with a quiet October sunshine in her blue eyes, and an ever present smile over her whole countenance. I remember the sudden sweetness of look, when any one spoke to her—the prompt attention, the quick comprehension of things before you uttered them—the obliging readiness to leave whatever she was doing, for you.

To those who mistake occasional pensiveness for melancholy, it might seem strange to say that my aunt Mary was always happy. Yet she was so. Her spirits never rose to buoyancy, and never sunk to despondency. I know that it is an article in the sentimental confession of faith, that such a character cannot be interesting. For this impression there is some ground. The placidity of a medium common-place mind is uninteresting; but the placidity of a strong and well-governed one borders on the sublime. Mutability of emotion characterizes inferior orders of being; but he who combines all interest, all excitement, all perfection, is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' And if there be any thing sublime in the idea of an almighty mind, in perfect peace itself, and therefore at leisure to bestow all its energies on the wants of others, there is at least a reflection of the same sublimity in the character of that human being, who has so quieted and governed the world within, that nothing is left to absorb sympathy, or distract attention from those around.

Such a woman was my aunt Mary. Her placidity was not so much the result of temperament, as of choice. She had every susceptibility of suffering incident to the noblest and most delicate construction of mind; but they had been so directed, that instead of concentrating thought on self, they had prepared her to understand and feel for others.

She was, beyond all things else, a sympathetic person, and her character, like the green in a landscape, was less remarkable for what it was in itself, than for its perfect and beautiful harmony with all the coloring and shading around it.

Other women have been talented, others have been good—but no woman that ever I knew possessed goodness and talent in union with such an intuitive preception of feelings, and such a faculty of instantaneous adaptation to them. The most troublesome thing in this world is to be condemned to the society of a person who can never understand any thing you say without you say the whole of it, making your commas and periods as you go along—and the most desirable thing in the world is to live with a person who saves you all the trouble of talking, by knowing just what you mean to say before you begin.

Something of this kind of talent I began to feel, to my great relief, when aunt Mary came into the family. I remember the very first evening, as she sat by the hearth surrounded by all the family, her eye glanced on me, with an expression that let me know she saw me, and when the clock struck eight, and my mother proclaimed that it was my bed time, my countenance fell as I moved sorrowfully from the back of her rocking-chair, and thought how many beautiful stories aunt Mary would tell after I was gone to bed. She turned toward me with such a look of real understanding, such an evident insight into the case, that I went into banishment with a lighter heart than ever I did before. How very contrary is the obstinate estimate of the heart, to the rational estimate of worldly wisdom. Are there not some who can remember when one word, one look, or even the withholding of a word, has drawn their heart more to a person than all the substantial favors in the world? By ordinary acceptation, substantial kindness respects the necessaries of animal existence; while those wants which are peculiar to the mind, and will exist with it forever, by equally correct classification, are designated as sentimental ones, the supply of which, though it will excite more gratitude in fact, ought not in theory. Before aunt Mary had lived with us a month, I loved her beyond any body in the world, and a utilitarian would have been amused in cyphering out the amount of favors which produced this result. It was a look, a word, a smile—it was that she seemed pleased with my new kite—that rejoiced with me when I learned to spin a top—that she alone seemed to estimate my proficiency in playing ball, and marbles—that she never looked at all vexed when I upset her work-box upon the floor—that she received all my awkward gallantry and maladroit helpfulness, as if it had been in the best taste in the world—that when she was sick, she insisted on letting me wait on her, though I made my customary havoc among the pitchers and tumblers of her room, and displayed, through my zeal to please, a more than ordinary share of insufficiency for the station. She also was the only person that I ever conversed with, and I used to wonder how any body that could talk all about matters and things with grown-up persons, could talk so sensibly about marbles, and hoops, and skates, and all sorts of little-boy matters; and I will say, by-the-by, that the same sort of speculation has often occurred to the minds of older people in connection with her. She knew the value of varied information in making a woman, not a pedant, but a sympathetic, companionable being, and such she was to almost every class of mind.

She had, too, the faculty of drawing others up to her level in conversation, so that I would often find myself going on in most profound style, while talking with her, and would wonder when I was through, whether I really was a little boy still.

When she had enlightened us many months, the time came for her to take leave, and she besought my mother to give me to her for company. All the family wondered what she could find to like in Henry; but if she did like me, it was no matter, and so was the case disposed of.

From that time I lived with her—and there are some persons who can make the word *live* signify much more than it commonly does—and she wrought on my character all those miracles which benevolent genius can work. She quieted my heart, directed my feelings, unfolded my mind, and educated me, not harshly or by force, but as the blessed sunshine educates the flower, into full and perfect life; and when all that was mortal of her died, to this world, her words and deeds of unutterable love, shed a twilight around her memory that will ever be only in the brightness of heaven. H. E. B.

ART AND ARTISTS IN NEW YORK.

The following characteristic letter of Mrs. CHILD to the Boston Courier, says the Tribune, will be read with interest at the present time both in the city and country:

As I stepped into the rooms of the Art Union, yesterday, my eye was arrested by a new picture, which I instantly recognized as Leutze's, by the extreme beauty and harmonized richness of the coloring. I think it is the best picture yet produced by that charming artist. It was ordered by Mr. Robb, a liberal patron of the Arts, in New Orleans, and is opened here for a few days only. The subject is "Iconoclast Puritans defacing a Catholic Church." The velvets and satins, fringes and embroidery, jeweled ornaments and vessels of gold, afford fine materials for richness of coloring; and the fanatical mob, pouring through the window, come sweeping into the central aisle, with a wave-like sway, very graceful in effect. Some are furiously disrobing the priest, who kneels with clasped hands, his eyes fixed on the Madonna; some are destroying pictures, others battering the images. In the foreground is a real Muckle-wrath preacher, pouring forth a storm of exhortation, to a group of women cringing around the altar. He holds an open Bible in his hand, in an attitude which indicates that he thumps it might and main. One can see plainly that he is calling the Catholic Church all manner of beasts and dragons, and nailing every assertion with a Scripture. The aged woman covers her ears in agony, to shut out sounds, which seem to her so blasphemous; the younger matron gazes at him with a sort of quiet aristocratic surprise, as if she wondered from what planet so strange a specimen of humanity could come; and the young maiden leans her head against the altar and weeps. All the poetry of the picture is, of course, with the Catholics. The clamorous protesting of intellect against the intense conservatism of the sentiments, though absolutely necessary to keep the moral balance of the world even, is never *poetic* in its manifestations. It always jars a little on artistic souls, even while they reverence its bravery. The Puritans, with their stub'born will, their strong lungs, and their theological sledge-hammers, did a great work for human freedom, and I honor them for it. But I never love to turn my mind towards them; for when they are present to my thoughts, I always seem to hear, as Swedenborg says he did in the spiritual world, "a man walking behind me with iron shoes upon a stone pavement."

There have been an unusual number of good pictures in the Art Union this season. Durand's picture of an old man seated by the brook-side, talking to his little grand-daughter, is very beautiful. It is pervaded by that golden haze which gives such a poetic character to his landscapes. Another reason I like them is, that he seldom closes in the vision. With my extreme aversion to the law of limitation, I am always delighted to see a sunny opening in the distance, where I could wander, if I would. Several landscapes of Brown's are now at these rooms. One of the best of them, Moonlight in Venice, was painted for George Tiffany, Esq., of Baltimore. Brown seems to have more orders than any of our painters who are abroad. I suppose it is because there is something rich in his style, which at once strikes the eye. But his pictures, though improving ever, still have a want of transparency in the atmosphere, an absence of life in the objects.—They remind me of extremely beautiful worsted work.

* * *

From the rooms of the Art Union, I strayed to the Gallery of Fine Arts, which you are aware is the beginning of an effort to form a permanent Gallery in this city. A fastidious Bostonian would shrug up his shoulders as he entered, and exclaim, "Rather New-Yorky!" for though there are some very fine pictures, they are mixed with some ordinary ones, and some very bad. The Tammany Hall dispensation does undeniably rest on all we do here in New York. The common and mean every where forces itself alongside of elegance and beauty. At first, I was rather annoyed by this, in exhibitions of the Arts. It took away my pleasure in looking at really beautiful pictures, to see them surrounded by such a mob of ordinary ones. The crowd of inexpressive portraits, introduced in the Catalogue as "A Lady," "A Gentleman," particularly vexed me. I could conceive of but one good use that could be made of them; and that was, to send the painted canvass to large parties, instead of going in person, and thereby escape an infinite toil to effect nothing, beside saving unknown quantities of ice and syllabub.

But my democratic heart soon reconciled me to these indiscriminate exhibitions. I like that every man should have a fair chance to manifest his talent, be it great or small; and I rejoice that there are such a multitude of artists above mediocrity, instead of one or two towering giants, standing alone in their glory. For this reason, I have never sympathized with those who complain that celebrated performers are so prone to play their own compositions, instead of Mozart's Concertos, or Beethoven's Sonatas. The expression of a man's own life, if it be unaffected and true, has an individual vitality and beauty from that circumstance alone; and it may ultimately tend to more real growth than the constant reproduction of works in themselves vastly superior. I am reconciled to many disagreeable things in this bustling age, because it is most emphatically, as Emerson says, All Souls' day.

The Gallery of Fine Arts, though it does manifest this spirit of the age, contains good pictures enough to make it a very pleasant place to visit. Moreover, the price of membership is so low, that it is brought within the means of nearly all classes. Success to every thing which carries glimmerings of knowledge or of beauty through the masses of society!

The most prominent of the pictures are two series of large landscapes admirably designed and executed by Cole. One represents the progress of society, from the savage state, through the Arcadian, to Empire and decay. The other represents the progress of individual man, through childhood, youth, manhood and old age. A radiant angel is with the infant, whose boat is laden with flowers, and floats quietly along through beds of water-lilies. The angel parts from youth, but stands on the shore to watch his boat, which he is eagerly steering, through bright clear waters, towards a Fata Morgana in the skies, a glorious Castle in the Air. Manhood is whirled among the rocks and violent eddies. The angel is gone, the trees are rent with lightning, and the skies are lowering; but some rainbow hues struggle athwart the gloom.—Old age drifts over dark and sluggish waters, beneath a heavy sky; but the angel is with him again, and points to a few bright rays from above, which breaks in upon the darkness. I would like to have had the memory of kindly deeds represented by a mellow golden gleam on the waters left behind, and children on the shore throwing a few flowers into the time-battered boat. Perhaps it is because I am myself walking in autumnal paths, that I am so averse to gloomy associations with age. The trees have a beautiful and noble old age; why need it be otherwise with bright and honest souls?

In these rooms I again encountered Horace Kneeland's uncommonly excellent bust of Professor Mapes. I resolved at once to go in search of the artist, who excites my interest by the rare merit of his productions, and by the severe pressure of external circumstances, under which his genius has always labored, like volcanic fire under a mountain. Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia, the most munificent and judicious patron the Arts ever had in this country, happened, a few weeks before his death, to see a small plaster cast by Kneeland. His practised eye at once perceived indications of true genius. "The man who could model the limbs of that horse," said he, "must go to Europe." He proposed to him to make an equestrian statue of Washington, of cabinet size, and go to Berlin, to cast it in bronze. He made himself responsible for three statues and interested himself to procure other subscribers. During his last illness, he talked much of this statue, and of the Proserpine he had ordered from Powers, which he had the most intense desire to see before he died. A few hours before his death, he enjoined it on his friends, with great earnestness, to fulfil all that had been promised to Kneeland. "That man has a genius for sculpture," he said, "and it must have a chance to manifest itself."

These cordial expressions, though they cheered the sensitive soul of the artist, made him nervous with anxiety, lest the hopes of his deceased friend should not be realized.—But unless I greatly err in judgment, he has no cause for anxiety. I found him busily at work in a stable, where he had been finishing his model of the horse. It is a superb animal, admirably proportioned, and strikingly perfect in the minutest details of muscular action. This is, I believe, the first equestrian statue of Washington ordered in this country, and from present appearances, it will take high rank among our works of Art.

Do you suppose I am going to let you off without saying a word about music? Not I. On this subject I am like a person who wishes to talk a great deal, but is conscious that he is slightly intoxicated, and therefore may talk too much. But just let me tell you, however public attractions may crowd upon you in Boston, and however much you may delight in the divinely sweet tones of Sivori's violin, and his wonderful artistic skill in playing upon it, you must still keep a place in your souls for Herz; or rather he will quietly *take* a place, whether you reserve it for him or not. No one, who has the least pleasure in music, can avoid being captivated by the beauty of his style. It is clear and brilliant as the rays of Sirius; delicate and ethereal as the breath of flowers. By the NINE MUSES, the man plays like a spirit!

I was sad when I went to the concert, but the graceful music touched my soul with fairy wand, and it rose up buoyant and winged.—Both his music, and his style of playing, are the expression of highly polished society, the musical utterance of drawing-room elegance; yet they charm me, simple recluse as I am. The papers have generally been wise enough to institute no comparison between him and De Meyer. There is no use or fitness in comparing things so entirely unlike. One might as well discuss the relative merits of a lion and a gazelle.

The piano, which is of Herz's own manufacture, has remarkable sweetness and delicacy of tone, and yields to the slightest conceivable touch. As I saw the artist's fingers glide over the floating keys, I thought of Tennyson's description of the maiden:

"Did never creature pass,
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass.
So fleety did she stir,
The flowers she touched on, dipt and rose
And turned to look at her."

In ethereal beauty of tone this instrument constantly reminded me of the delightful Harmonic Piano, which Mr. Chichering made for Edward L. Walker. If I live to be a hundred years old, the recollection of the first time I ever heard his Oberon Fantasia, on that piano, will remain with me like the memory of graceful fountains in the clear, bright moonlight. You see I *am* intoxicated; so no more about that.

There is a poetic and unpoetic way of viewing all subjects. Who but Emerson, for instance, would recognize in common street swearing, "the popular recognition of the Infinite!" I heard a very practical gentleman, the other day, minutely calculating how many dollars, he had expended, during the last three years, to see and hear all the foreign celebrities. It did not seem to present itself in any other light than so much *taken away* from the country. He seemed to forget that what we received of pleasure, improvement, and the refining influences of cultivated taste, was far superior to money in value. To me there is something beautiful in the fact that while we send Europe our superior machines and tools, she sends gifted minstrels to us, to impart her superior cultivation in Art. Their mission is to transfuse music through all social gradations, as the wandering troubadours of old did history and poetry. But the ancient mission embraced only families and clans; while the modern one, fluid and expansive as the art which prompts it, intertwines the nations. There is so much to divide the great human family, that we cannot be too grateful for whatever assimilates and unites. L. M. C.